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they place in the hut, and round about they hang their gongs and place their jars on the ground near. A fowl and pig are killed and the blood sprinkled about the hut. All the roads to the house are shut up for three days; no work of any kind is carried on. They visit no one, no one visits them. Each man gives his share of rice and things to the *antu*.

The *Pansa Antu* is a sudden unaccountable illness from having seen a demon.

A Dyak never admits he is well, nor can you say so to him. So anything eaten is never praised. If a man is convalescent, you must not say, when before him, that he is improving, or looks well, whatever you may say to others upon the subject. It will make him feel uncomfortable and dread a relapse.

Some *manangs* are provided with a magic stone into which they look to see what is ailing a man, and prescribe for him accordingly. Every genuine *manang* is provided with a bag of charms called *lupong*, to him a collection of inestimable value; being a present to him from the spirit world, it is irreplaceable if lost or stolen. In reality its contents are a mass of rubbish, curious sticks and stones, abnormal developments of cane and root, tusks and teeth and excrescences of horn, with here and there a herb or two, such as turmeric, ginger, &c. *Pengoruh rumwah* are the bundle of charms handed from father to son and hung on the head of the post (see "Habitations"). Among Gari's (a *manang*) collection I observed a smooth venetian red pebble and a so-called cock's egg, and he mentioned as stolen a yellow stone bead and a gold button. The charms are used in a variety of ways, sometimes the body is rubbed with them, sometimes they are dipped in water, and the water thus enchanted is drunk, and sometimes a bit is given to the patient to wear about his person as a talisman to ward off some particular danger.

When a *manang* is in attendance upon a sick person, visitors are not received.[1] The room he occupies is tabued, and, if circumstances require it, so is everything that belongs to him: his farm, his fruit-trees, and his garden. The language used by the *manangs* in their incantations is unintelligible even to the Dyaks themselves, and is described by the uninitiated as *bungai jaker, i.e., manang* gibberish. Some profess to understand what is said, but if they really do so it is because they have taken the pains to learn it with the view, no doubt, of performing cures on their own account later on. It may be simply some archaic form of the ordinary spoken language interspersed with cabalistic formulæ, spells and charms for different purposes. *Timong*, the monotonous chant of the *manangs*, is a mixture of prayer and invocation, cursing and imprecation; like the other

[1] This appears to be a contradiction to the statement on page 116.

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it is not modern, and is largely mixed with archaic forms and disused words; sense gives way to the exigencies of rhyme with jingling-like endings, and it has a refrain.

The *manang bali* is a most extraordinary character, and one difficult to describe: he is a male in female costume, which he will tell you he has adopted in obedience to a supernatural command, conveyed three separate times in dreams. Had he disregarded the summons he would have paid for it with his life. Before he can be permitted to assume female attire his organ of penetration (*membrum virile*) is disabled. He will then prepare a feast and invite the people. He will give them *tuak* to drink, and he will sacrifice a pig or two to avert evil consequences to the tribe by reason of the outrage upon nature. Should he fail to do all this every subsequent calamity, failure of crops and such like, would be imputed to his conduct and he would be heavily fined. Thenceforth he is treated in every respect like a woman and occupies himself with feminine pursuits. His chief aim in life is to copy female manners and habits so accurately as to be undistinguishable from other women, and the more nearly he succeeds in this the more highly he is thought of, and if he can induce any foolish young fellow to visit him at night and sleep with him his joy is extreme; he sends him away at daybreak with a handsome present and then, openly before the women, boasts of his conquest, as he is pleased to call it. As his services are in great request and he is well paid for his trouble, he soon grows rich, and when he is able to afford it he takes to himself a husband in order to render his assumed character more complete. But as long as he is poor he cannot even dream of marriage, as nothing but the prospect of inheriting his wealth would ever induce a man to become his husband, and thus incur the ridicule of the whole tribe. The position as husband is by no means an enviable one; the wife proves a very jealous one, and punishes every little infidelity with a fine. The women view him, the husband, with open contempt and the men with secret dislike. His only pleasure must be in seeing his *quasi* wife accumulate wealth and wishing her a speedy demise, so that he may inherit the property.

He (the *manang bali*), on the other hand, the more nearly to resemble a woman, lays himself out to entice some young fool to sleep with him, and he takes good care that his husband finds it out. The husband makes quite a fuss about it, and pays the young fellow's fine with pleasure. As episodes of this kind tend to shew how successfully he has imitated the character of a woman he is highly gratified, and rises, accordingly, in the estimation of a tribe as a perfect specimen.

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533 with the strokes of the paddle or oar. The leader often improvises his subject as he sings, and introduces any little incident that has taken place, or little experience they have gone through, much to the amusement of his companions.

In their war songs the singer chants in a low monotonous voice the deeds of heroes in the olden days, and how they won and brought home human heads to lay at the feet of their brides. These war songs are often accompanied by the excited whoops and yells of the listeners.

There is the *bernong*, usually sung by two singers, who take it in turns to sing a verse, and then the chorus is sung by both. This, as well as the *pelandai*, or love song, may often be heard in the evening in the long Dyak house.

Then there is the *kana*, in which some legend or fairy-tale is sung by someone versed in ancient lore, as he sits on a swing in the dimly-lit veranda of the Dyak house.

533 Singing also forms part of all their sacred rites. At all their ceremonial feasts connected with warfare, farming, or the dead, the incantations, or *pengap*, as they are called, are in the form of Dyak verse, and sung. These songs differ considerably from the ordinary language of the Dyak, and a person, who can understand and speak Dyak, may yet find the *pengap* most unintelligible. Native metaphor and most excessive verbosity, together with the use of many archaic expressions, the meanings of which have long been forgotten, as well as the introduction of many coined words, which mean nothing, and are simply dragged in because they rhyme with the words preceding—all these things are quite certain to mystify an

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uninstructed hearer. Another reason why it is so difficult to understand the *pengap* is that the language used is that of many generations back. The *pengap*, being learnt by heart, and handed down with verbal accuracy from one generation to another, is in the language of the past, whereas the ordinary spoken language of the Dyak is continually changing and developing new forms. There are a great deal of alliteration in the *pengap*, a certain peculiar rhythm and a string of rhyming words.

The presence of invisible beings is very strongly believed by the Dyak, and he is persuaded that spirits both good and bad are always round him. As a form of invocation to these spirits, and in all the ceremonial feasts of the Dyaks, as well as on other important occasions, the *pengap* are sung, sometimes by one man seated on a swing, sometimes by a number of men, who walk up and down the long veranda, dressed in flowing robes, with a long staff in the right hand of each. From what has been said it will be easily understood that there are a great number of different *pengap* suited to different occasions. In each incantation some special spirit or deity is more specially invoked.

At the Dyak Head Feast, Singalang Burong—the Mars of Dyak mythology—is specially invoked to be present in the *pengap* which is sung. In the feasts connected with farming, Pulang Gana, the god of the soil, is invoked, and asked to drive from their farms all rats and birds and insects that may hurt the paddy. And at the feasts given in honour of the dead all the spirits of dead relatives and friends, as well as those of mythical heroes, are invited to partake of the good things provided. Then, again, when the *manangs*, or Dyak witch-doctors, are called in to cure a sick man, they often walk round and